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WEEK ENDING JUNE 24, 1916  
PRICE TEN CENTS

# Puck

UNIVERSITY CLUB



Painted by Ralph Barton

MIGHTY LAK' A ROSE

*Puck*

## Nature Paints the Skin

with a reddish-brown tan in tropical countries and in summer to protect the skin's tissue from the ultra violet rays of light.

The protein (albumin) in beer is of more delicate chemical structure than the most delicate skin.

The ultra violet rays of light decompose protein(albumin).

## Schlitz Protects Its Beer

from the damaging effects of light, with the Brown Bottle.

That's why Schlitz tastes so good. Its nutritive value is unimpaired.

**Drink**

*Order a Case Today*

**Schlitz** in Brown Bottles

*See that crown is branded "Schlitz"*

110-Mag.

**The Beer  
That Made Milwaukee Famous**

## Anent Vers Libre

**C**OLONEL LAMPTON can always be depended upon to come to the literary bat with a wallop in his willow (such is the depressing influence already of the BASEBALL PUCK,) and when PUCK nodded so far as to mention the Colonel's pet "yawp" in the same breath with *Vers Libre* we committed a sin for which there is no adequate atonement, unless it lies in giving the following characteristic communication the fullest possible publicity:

To The Editor of PUCK:

Sir:

Permit me to extend my sincere thanks for some incongruous remarks of yours in the current issue of PUCK on the subject of *vers libre* and its makers, especially in its reference to me as its discoverer years ago and my having christened it the "Yawp." I must admit I like what they call *vers libre* in these more cultured times, but I don't like it by that name. It is academic and affected, whereas "Yawp" is the natural expression of a soul too full for utterance by any other method than to spill it right out regardless of rules and other sentimental subterfuges resorted to by the super-poetic. I think I defined the *vers libre* style perfectly in the introduction to my book on "Yawps," (1900) when I wrote:

No Poet, I  
Who sings about a sapphire  
sky etc.,  
And so forth,  
But merely a Yawpist  
Yawping his simple yawp  
Of things that are  
And not what they may seem  
To those poetic fancies that  
Seldom tumble  
To where the real thing is at.  
A Yawpist then  
Am I; and men  
And things beneath the touch  
Of yawperty appear as such  
In rhyme, or rhythm,  
Or having neither with 'em,  
And yet not less  
In natural fitting dress,  
Because the yawp  
Is nature's own expression.

Now, sir, if that is not a definition of modern *vers libre*, what the dickens is it? But who in thunder ever started calling it *vers libre*? Being a natural poet instead of a poetry-poet I had to find expression some way and I yawped, but, believe me, sir, I never thought it would be versified like it is, or I would have choked myself on the dust of Parnassus. I would, so help me, Puck!

Most regretfully,  
W. J. LAMPTON.



10c per Copy

\$5.00 per Year

Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-Class Mail Matter.  
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PUBLISHERS' NOTICE: PUCK is published every Monday (dated the following Saturday) by the Puck Publishing Corporation, 210 Fifth Avenue, Madison Square, New York City; (Nathan Straus, Jr., President and Treasurer; Foster Gilroy, Secretary.)

KARL SCHMIDT,  
Editor.

FOSTER GILROY,  
General Manager.

## Spring Bouquets

MOST of PUCK's correspondents during the past few weeks have had their pens attuned to the season, and a generous bouquet of posies has consequently displaced the miscellaneous assortment of building material which has so often fallen to PUCK's lot.

Oshkosh, Wis.

I can't resist divulging a secret; viz., that your issue of May 20th is the best ever—as much superior to any other for many months as the next (Republican) president of the U. S. will be to Wilson—that's all!

J. M. HURN.

Being entirely too proud to cross political swords with Mr. Hurn, we pass on to a greatly appreciated comment from Hamilton, N. Y.:

Dear Sirs:

I enjoyed very much the essay called "Happiness" in this week's issue of PUCK, which I purchased by chance yesterday. This is indeed an unusual and delightful bit of philosophy—the sort of thing we enjoy reading.

Congratulating you upon this and your revival of the whimsical Bunner stories,

Very sincerely  
MRS. EDWARD OSBORN.

Laredo, Tex.

Dear PUCK:

I am a great PUCK "fan," and think your paper the best of its kind in the world. Roy D. BOWERS.

Ninth Infantry, U. S. A.

An opinion, by the way, which appears to be shared in part at least by one of the many admirers of Mr. Kirchner:

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London Office: PUCK, 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W. C.

Dear Sir:

Am a subscriber of "PUCK" and enjoy your "witty political knocks" very much, they are so amusing.

Have noticed there has been considerable jealousy stirred in this country by Raphael Kirchner's paintings but trust Mr. Kirchner's disagreeable fellow-artists will not cause much trouble. Kirchner's pictures are a constant source of delight and it is indeed a pleasure to look forward to them each week. I have started a collection and will use them to decorate my "den."

They are positively the most popular works of the twentieth century if you will permit me to speak for other subscribers as

well as myself. I only regret the supply will some day become exhausted; in the meantime keep up the good work.

Thanking you for the pleasure your magazine has given me, I am

Very truly yours,  
LOIS A. THURSTON.

## Another Belgian Appeal

OVER in the trenches, many a dug-out has experienced the thrill that always accompanies the arrival of PUCK, and from a Holland detention camp comes this message:

Dear Sir!

If you sympathize with the Belgians I should take the liberty to ask you if you could insert the following advertisement in your esteemed journal: "Prisoner Belgian of war wants old postage stamps for collection in order to pass the long hours of his captivity. Write by preference registered mail to:

Louis BOUSSARD sous officier Génie Baraque 2 Camp I Zeist (Hollande). Would send cards or little remembrance in return."

I should be glad if you will accept the expression of my best sentiments.

L. BOUSSARD.

Since PUCK's advertising columns are treasured by a constantly increasing group of discriminating advertisers, we have decided to accord M. Boussard's advertisement preferred position.

## Will Houghton's Death

ON July 8, PUCK will print as a cover what may prove to be one of the last pieces of color by Will Houghton to appear in this country. On the day this painting was sent to the engravers, the following note was received from Percy V. Bradshaw, director of the Press Art School, of London:

"I am interested to hear that you use so many drawings by English artists, and particularly that you have included Will Houghton among your list. He was one of my first pupils. I hear to-day that the poor fellow has been killed in Egypt. He was a Lieutenant in the Fusiliers."

**GUEST:** I observe that you have made a mistake in the addition of my bill — \$14 instead of \$13.

**WAITER:** Pardon me, sir, but I thought that you might be superstitious.



#### At the Maneuvers

**First Rook**—"Say, you! Take yer foot out of my stirrup; suppose we got separated!"

#### From the Diary of an American Soldier

**Monday** — Started off into Mexico after Villa again to-day. Somebody has forgotten to put water in the canteens, so we are drinking gasoline. This leaves no gasoline for the motor trucks, but a despatch from Washington says they can be run on axle grease. Are armed with horse pistols, but no bullets provided. Saw large force of Mexicans to-day, with a large flag bearing the words: "Pancho Villa — Pay As You Enter." Thought it might be the enemy, and tried to fire cannon, which blew up, killing eighteen. At this moment, received orders to proceed East, turn to the left, and march in circles. Thought they might be code, but am assured they are typical.

**Tuesday** — Met a large band of Mexicans marching due North, with a flag: "Pancho Villa — To Hell With The U. S." They assured us they were Carranzistas going to Oregon in search of Villa. All motor trucks now out of condition, and spare parts are for 1904 models, instead of 1901.

**Wednesday** — Tried to use desert railroad to-day to transport company. Telephoned headquarters for permission, received reply that Carranza would be glad to have us use any ships or vessels whatsoever, for this purpose, but could not sanction

railroad, as excursion trains were running to the battlefield.

**Thursday** — One of our aeroplane scouts, while walking in fields picking daisies until his aeroplane should be manufactured, reports seeing an immense horde of Mexicans advancing upon us. Called men to arms, but no flint has been sent to use in muskets. Tried to fix bayonets, but find money to buy bayonets was appropriated for dredging Swampy Creek, Iowa. Mexicans are charging towards us. At this moment, received a wireless from Bryan: "Don't shoot. These men are your brothers — "

(This interesting manuscript, which is burnt off here, was obtained by a munitions manufacturer from a customer, while on a recent business trip into Mexico.)

The motto of our party is: "Turn the rascals out!"

Well, I figure your party has turned out more rascals than any other.

"I am positive Clarence loves me and intends to make me his wife."

"Why? Has he proposed yet?"

"No. But he dislikes mother more every time he sees her."

Old man, I am sure in hard luck. Need money badly and haven't the least idea where I can get it.

Well, I am glad to hear that. I feared you might have decided on me.

**MELANCHOLY GUEST** (on whose head the waiter has spilt some sauce): "My good man, do you think it will do it any good?"

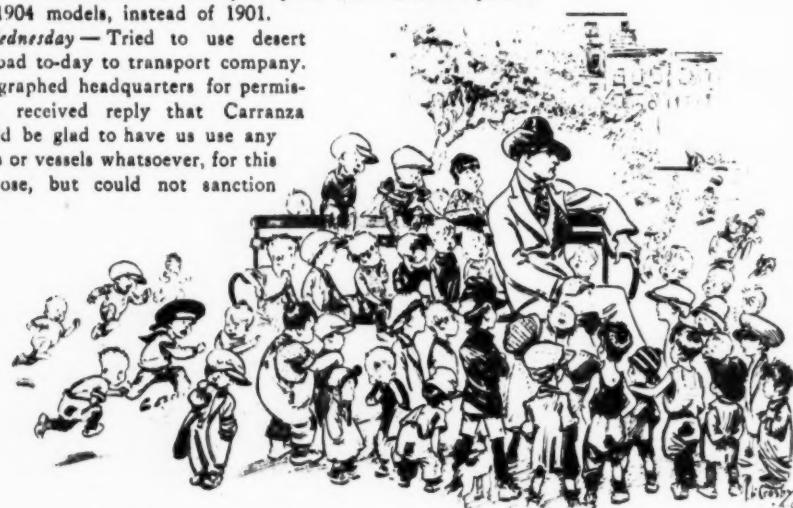
#### Always to the Rescue

"Science states that girls are getting taller year by year."

"What if girls get so tall that men can't walk with them?"

"Fashion will introduce some kind of a bend."

Events go in pairs. A mastodon has been dug up in Virginia and Charles Warren Fairbanks has been dug up in Republican national politics.



The popular movie actor seeks a secluded spot in the park

#### Be A Comic Artist

Turn your talent to profit. Get Book No. 2 by C. W. Humberstone entitled "How to Be a Comic Artist." This book shows how the principal character is selected and how the other characters are worked around it. Gives many hints as to how to make the characters distinctive by different treatment, etc. Treats on the subject of the use of "slang" and tells how to work out a "point" or "IDEA" and how best to express it, etc. etc. Sent postpaid upon receipt of \$1.00. Send for free catalog. DeBeck. \$1.00 each.

CANTER PUBLISHING CO., Vandergrift Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

#### ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE FOR THE TROOPS.

Many war zone hospitals have ordered Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder, for use among the troops. Shaken into the shoes and used in the foot-bath, Allen's Foot-Ease gives rest and comfort, takes the friction from the shoe, and prevents the feet getting tired or foot-sore. Drug and Department Stores everywhere sell it, etc. Don't accept any substitute. Try it to-day.

#### Health — Looks — Comfort

Wear this scientifically constructed health belt, endorsed by physicians and surgeons. A light but durable support for the abdomen which greatly relieves the strain on the abdominal muscles.

#### THE "WONDER" HEALTH BELT

Releases the tension on the inter-ligaments and causes the internal organs to take their normal positions and perform their functions in a normal, healthful way. Easy to adjust — a great comfort to the wearer. For men, women and children.

Write for descriptive folder or send \$3 for the belt on money-back guarantee. In ordering, send normal measure of your waist.

The Well Health Belt Co., New Haven, Conn. 42 Hill St.

DRUGGISTS: Write for proposition and full particulars.



**Summer Comfort**

ROLL UP SLEEVES NO FUSS WITH KUM-A-PART OFF BUTTON

Buttons like a glove. Remains in button holes whether fastened or unfastened. No more getting buttoned cuffs over hands. Get them at your jeweler or button hole at haberdashers and jewelers.

Prices 50c to \$5.00 the Pr.

#### Long Island and Real Life

Enjoy the best relaxations summer affords. Plenty of good sport on clean, white, sandy beaches, cooled by a never failing ocean breeze.

Boating  
Bathing  
Golfing  
Tennis

all within easy reach of New York City by the service of the

**Long Island Railroad**

Cottages,  
Hotels and  
Boarding  
Houses  
near the water

Send two cents to G. A. Long Island Railroad, 100 Broadway, New York, N. Y. for information on railroads, steamship services, etc.

Long Island Railroad



Twilight Sleep



"Open Heir" Exercise



Milk for Breakfast



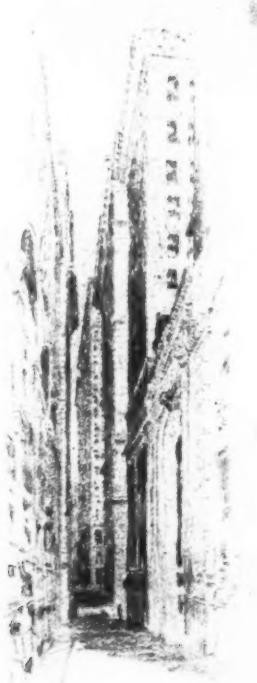
"Sound" Sleep



Sherry's



Looking for Trouble



Exchange Place Where  
Thousands will Pass within  
the Next Four Hours

Morning Papers in Front of Jack's



In Search of a  
Straight Flush



FOUR A. M.

Drawn by R. Van Buren



"I believe in Preparedness and not in letting George do it."

—The Colonel.

What? Not even George Perkins?

The sum of \$6,000,000 has been added to the Naval Appropriation bill in order that the various navy yards may be better equipped for the construction of government vessels. This will impress the Pork Barrel brigade as a scandalous waste of public money.

The washerwomen of Cincinnati have formed a union because they object to working for "all kinds of money." While they express their grievances in such extraordinary terms, public sympathy, we fear, will be withheld from them.

Klatt, in his suit for alienation, explained that the cuckoo-clock referred to graced his own home until Clarkson, so he alleges, broke it up.

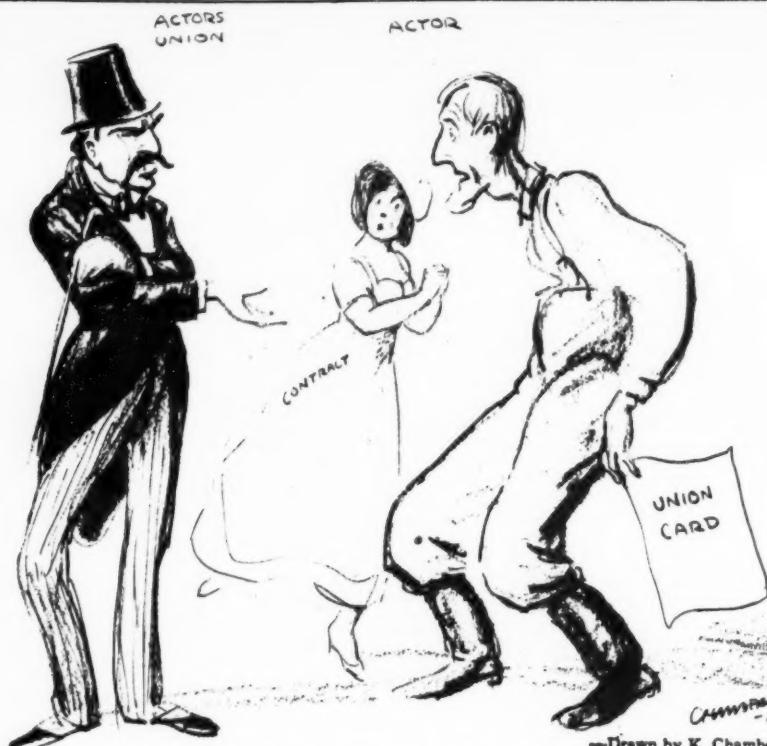
—A courthouse item.

A trifle obscure. Was it a home or a cuckoo-clock that Clarkson broke up? We could forgive him one of the offenses.

"We're tired, bewildered, frazzled, sick with mental indigestion, completely knocked out by the multiplicity of things we've been asked to hear and do and see."

—A Women's Federation delegate.

There are times, it seems, when "woman's place is in the home."



—Drawn by K. Chamberlain

"Show me the paper-rs, curse you—or I'll take your daughter-r."

Well, as we feared, the actors have affiliated themselves with Organized Labor. It is going to be tough when the quitting-whistle blows right in the middle of a curtain-call, but we warned them, we warned them.

Some of the Preparedness people are so enthusiastic about it that one suspects them of wanting to get American boys into the trenches by Christmas.

Our sovereign duty, says Senator Sherman of Illinois, is to forbear. That duty is greater than to rush madly into conflict. Why not get up a series of Forbearance Parades?

My ancestors, said Colonel Roosevelt in a Preparedness address, followed Washington. Extraordinary restraint. Knowing the present head of the illustrious family as we do, it is surprising they didn't lead Washington.

One thing is certain, states a Munich newspaper; even the finest system of war rationing is unable to create more food material than we possess. If this is all that is bothering Germany, the advertisement of any American Correspondence School of Efficiency will point the way out.



1950 — "Villa surrenders to Funston."

—Drawn by William C. Morris



## THE NEWS IN RIME

Veres by Berton Braley

Drawings by Merle Johnson

The whole German navy  
Went out where it's wavy,  
Met up with the British—and fought;  
Mid big shells that bursted  
The English were worsted  
In spite of the havoc they wrought.

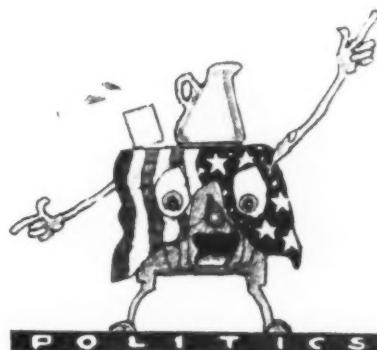
Berlin did *some* lying  
But there's no denying  
The Germans were best in the fight,  
Which should have more savor  
And surely is braver  
Than blowing up liners on sight.

Poor England, disaster  
Could scarcely come faster,  
The sea fight was hard news to bear;  
And then when her cherished  
Lord Kitchener perished  
She knew the full depths of despair.

The small boy's in clover,  
For school days are over;  
The co-ed's a summer girl, now.  
Each young college scholar's  
Out chasing the dollars  
Or wishing he had 'em somehow!

The summer campaigning  
Is on, there is straining  
Of vocal chords, metaphors, truth;  
We're striving, remember,  
So that, in November,  
We'll save our dear country, in sooth.

Preparedness gathers  
Its converts in slathers  
Who say "We don't look for a brawl,  
But if it should happen  
Our land got to scrappin'  
We want to be ready, that's all."



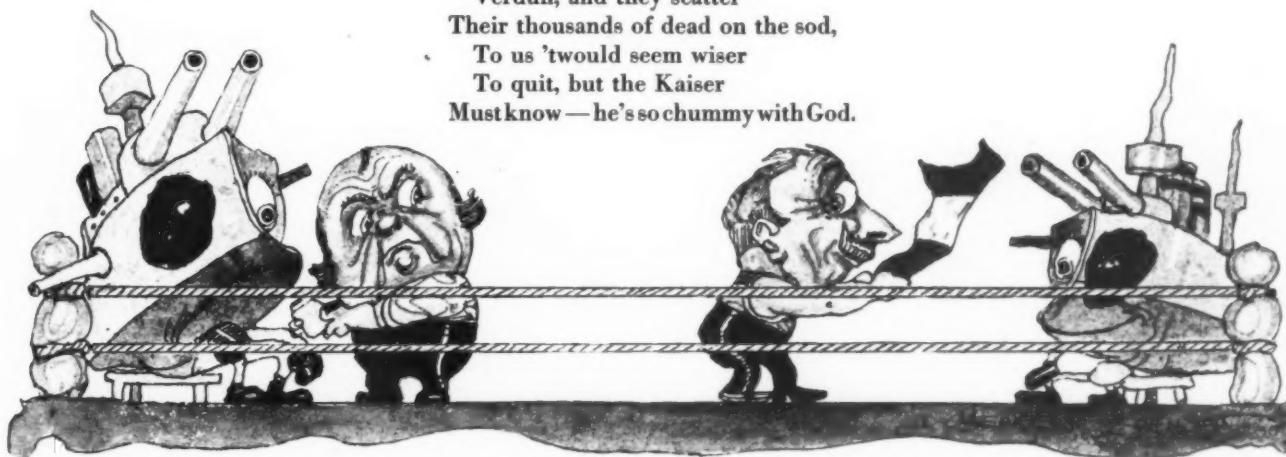
How Shackleton's dory  
Sailed safe, is a story  
Of ice floes and hardships enough,  
Time was its narration  
Would cause a sensation,  
But war makes it "second-page stuff."

Bouck White, who was burning  
"Old Glory," is learning  
Repentance and sense in a cell,  
That judge should have ranked him  
An infant and spanked him  
Which would have sufficed for a spell!

A landlubber's daughter  
Was wed on the water  
Right out in a lake, on a float,  
If puns were our failing  
We'd wish them plain sailing  
Or talk about "rocking the boat."

The Teutons are fretting  
Because they're not getting  
Response to the peace hints they drop;  
Thus fate is imparting  
Their folly in starting  
A war they don't know how to stop!

The Germans still batter  
Verdun, and they scatter  
Their thousands of dead on the sod,  
To us 'twould seem wiser  
To quit, but the Kaiser  
Must know—he's so chummy with God.





Drawn by William C. Morris

THE WAR GOD—"Tush! Tush! Nonsense!"



Puck

VOL. LXXIX

No. 2051

WEEK ENDING JUNE 24, 1916



### Hanging Up A Record

America must come first in every purpose we entertain, and every man must count upon being cast out of our confidence, cast out even of our tolerance, who does not submit to that great ruling principle. —President Wilson.

**A SENTENCE** that sums up President Wilson's conduct since his inauguration. He has put America, not himself nor any other man, first. He has put America first not only in word but in deed.

**A**NOTHER President might have constructed and established an efficient and equitable financial system, but Wilson did it. Another President might have kept us out of war in the midst of the Lusitania hysteria, but Wilson did it. Another President might have kept us at peace with Mexico while still using our army to enforce American rights on Mexican soil, but Wilson did it. Another President might have maintained peace within our borders by keeping the Hyphenates on one side and the Jingoes on the other both loyal to Americanism, but Wilson did it. Another President might have kept the United States in a position to aid suffering non-combatants the world over, from Belgium to Armenia, from Poland to Siberia, so as to make the name "American" respected and loved as never before, but Wilson did it.

Another President may do as much for our country as Wilson. Can we hope that any mortal man, subject to mortal errors and failings, will do more?

### PUCK'S Baccalaureate

**A**MID the echoes of a life spent in riotous fun-making, a baccalaureate sermon from PUCK will doubtless be received with expansive tolerance; yet even an elf in motley may be pardoned an expression of good will and advice to his many friends who put their sage treatises away this week to tackle a world governed more or less by the doctrines of the Marquis of Queensberry.

Those who are about to enter upon the activities of a business career will find a warm welcome in the catch-as-catch-can of trade. They begin their careers at a propitious moment when trained men were never in greater demand nor better rewarded for honest endeavor.

The lawyer will find many false weights in the scales of justice, and it devolves upon him to see that the balance between right and wrong is a little more evenly adjusted. This is a young man's job. Many thousands begin upon it each year. A few persevere after the receipt of their first retainer. It is these plodding few who need all the help the class of 1916 can give them.

Between the receipt of their parchment and the examination of their first patient the doctors among you will discover new theories and new therapeutics, all to the greater glory of medicine, which has so sturdily advanced through the befuddlement of "isms" and incantations of "Science." Of all who take degrees today, perhaps upon the shoulders of the physician rest the greater hope and dependence of the race.

And so in all the other professions, work, hard work, will be found for you to do, at a just recompense. There will be many jokes made about you. Elsewhere in this issue, Mr. Barton has forestalled several of them. None of them need be taken seriously.

Some of you will enter politics. To those of you who do, we have nothing to say, save that may you prosper to head a third ticket.

### A Gentlemanly Mob

**A**HUNDRED nice young men, afflicted with an imaginary obligation to ruffianism, assembled in Topeka, Kan., the other day and organized a lynching party. We reiterate that they were nice young men. None of them owned a broad-brimmed slouch hat, a black mask or a mustang. In all respects but one, these young gentlemen were 1916 models; their sole old-fashioned delusion was that modern society still cherishes the vigilante.

Lacking cow-ponies, these gallant guardians of our public honor had to muster in motor cars. Lacking slouch hats, they had to manage with motoring caps and yank down the visors rakishly over their eyes. As this was A. D. 1916, the press got wind of the event and had no less than four reporters on hand in a special car. This car, with characteristic journalistic enterprise, led a procession of thirty automobiles all the way from Topeka to the Lawrence jail. Arrived at their destination, the thirty cars drew up before the jail door. The sheriff, a perfect gentleman, too, greeted the party cordially and invited a committee of three to enter and see for themselves that their victim was not among the inmates—he had been removed for safer keeping to another town. So the mob adjourned for refreshments.

No hearts were broken by the fruitlessness of the expedition; indeed, the mob seemed somewhat relieved. No doubt, as the young gentlemen drove home, chastened in spirit and poorer by the price of a new clothes-line, several quarts of lubricating oil and a number of gallons of precious gasoline, they solemnly vowed to themselves, after the fashion of Tom Sawyer and his brother pirates, that so long as they remained in boarder ruffianism their lynchings should never again be sullied with the crime of sheriff-baiting.

### A Campaign Dictionary

by Samuel Smiley

**Hyphen** — The link connecting an adopted American with the Kaiser so that it shows.

**Peace** — An anti-Roosevelt conspiracy.

**Preparedness** — A billion-dollar campaign fund.

**Weakling** — A person who argues, when there's a chance for a fight.

**Doubtful State** — Any state north of Mason & Dixon's line except Utah and Vermont.

**Militarist** } — Synonymous terms.  
**Pacifist**

Example: By Militarists Woodrow Wilson is regarded as a Pacifist; by Pacifists he is regarded as a Militarist.

**Wall Street** — Republican National Headquarters.

**Strong Navy** — Thirteen battleships.

**Weak Navy** — Twenty-eight battleships.

**Protective Tariff** — A Republican device to increase the customs revenues of the government by barring foreign-made goods from the American market.

**Weasel Words** — "Words that suck all the life out of the words next to them, just as a weasel sucks an egg and leaves the shell." (See Century Magazine, June, 1900.)

**Weasel Statesman** — One who appropriates weasel words and gets caught. (See the Colonel's speech, May 31, 1916.)

**Theorist** — A person who thinks before he talks or acts. (See Benj. Franklin, Sir Isaac Newton, Morse, Edison, Lincoln, Wilson, et al.)

**America** — A country discovered by Christopher Columbus in 1492. Rediscovered by Theodore Roosevelt in the early summer of 1916.

**American** — A well-known political profession.

**Non-partisan League** — An organization of ex-office holders.

**Uncle Sam** — A cartoon character; an object of criminal libel to gain a party advantage.

**Academic Statesman** — A trained public official who knows what he is talking about.

**Service Of Mankind** — Reform without homicide.

**Watchful Waiting** — Time spent in the anteroom of the Chairman of the Campaign Committee.

**Impending Crisis** — Tuesday, Nov. 7, 1916.

### A Moment of Bliss

When your former husband, having made unexpected money in war brides, is compelled by the court to pay you 20% more alimony than you have been receiving.

"It will not be very long before the Secretary of the Navy can sit in his office in the Department and communicate verbally with ships all over the world." — Josephus Daniels.

An announcement like this should bring a perfect rush of candidates to Annapolis.

"Rare are the people who think, 'What can I do for my Government?'" — Senator Root.

Republican tariffs, in particular, being based on the question, **What can my Government do for me?**



### Uncle Sam's Hysteria

One day, on his rambles, Uncle Sam met a prominent munition-maker.

"The situation is very serious," remarked the munition-maker.

"It is," agreed Uncle Sam.

"You should have a greatly enlarged army," said the munition-maker, "and an infinitely larger stock of guns and cartridges."

"I expect to have them, and soon," replied Uncle Sam.

"And cannon, and shells," went on the munition-maker. "You can't have too large a supply."

"Quite right," said Uncle Sam, quietly; "I am taking the necessary steps."

"As to battle-ships, you need many more than you have at present," the munition-maker proceeded; "battle-ships with heavy armor and heavy guns; guns that may cost you even several thousand — er — dollars every time your boys shoot them. You cannot be *too* well prepared."

"You think so, really?"

"Oh, absolutely. Europe's experience demonstrates that. And you must have heavy coast defence batteries and an immense reserve store of the heaviest kind of shells."

"The situation is as serious as that, is it?"

"Unquestionably. It will cost you a lot of money; that is, it will cost your taxpayers a lot of money, but you must impress upon them that such expenditure is necessary; that their own safety, and the safety of their wives and families, demands it."

Uncle Sam looked at the munition-maker with a shrewd Yankee look.

"No doubt you are right," he said. "In fact, I've been of the same opinion for some time, and I've made up my mind to establish a chain of government-owned and government-operated gun and ammunition factories."

"Oh, indeed! Well — er — really," stammered the munition-maker, "it seems to me that you are overestimating the gravity of the situation. You mustn't let yourself become a victim of hysteria, you know. There is such a thing as carrying this Preparedness business too far."

And all the rest of that day the munition-maker was busy as a bee, sending urgent cipher telegrams to "trusted" members of Congress and certain "conservative" Senators.

The Bull Moose notion of the Three R's: "Rah, Rah, Roosevelt!"

DIRECTOR: "Has Adler a good memory?"

PRESIDENT: "Should say he has! Why, he can name the last six Vice-Presidents of the United States."

SURGEON: (to patient he is about to operate on): Well, old chap, if I don't see you again, here's luck!

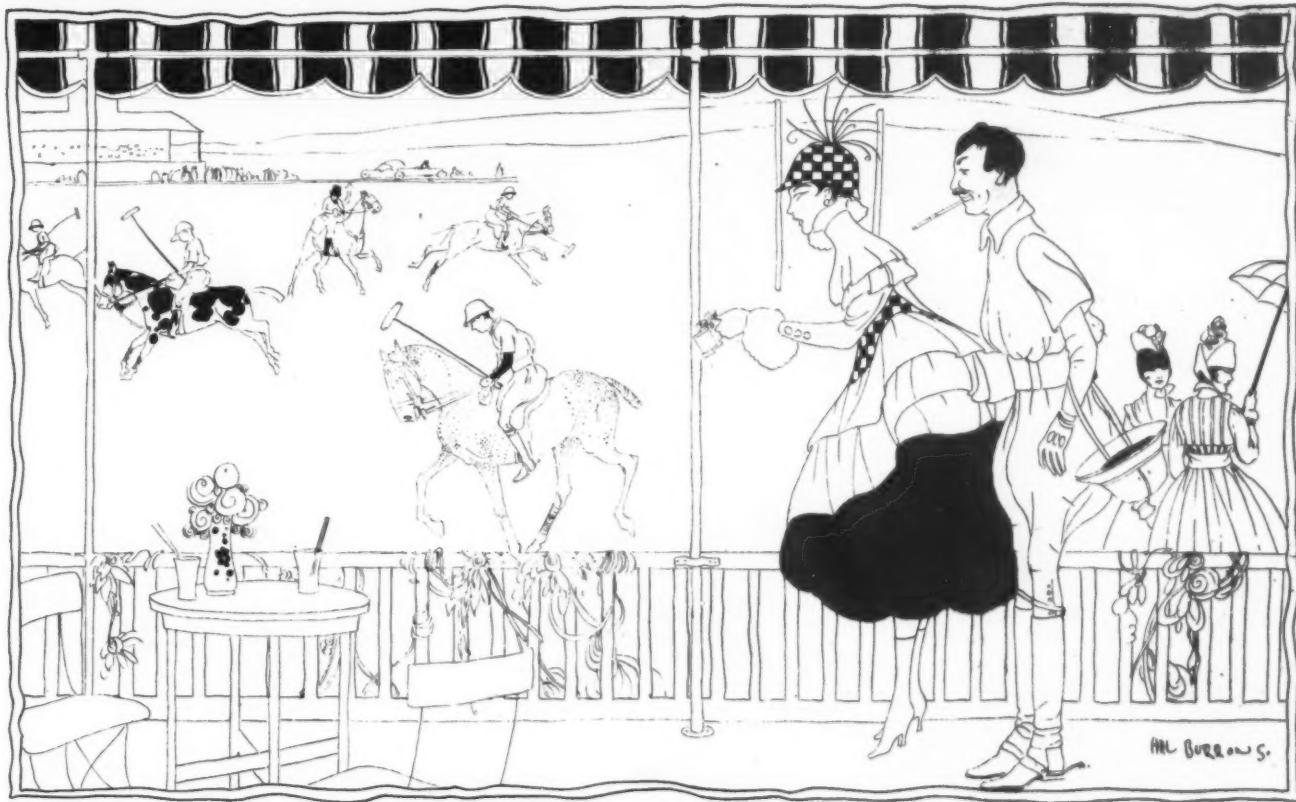
Internal revenues figures indicate that whiskey drinking is increasing, and beer drinking decreasing, in the United States. For the reason, look to the "Dry" States. It is easier to bring, or ship in, a bottle of whiskey than it is a keg of beer.



"Don't you think she has style?"  
"Remarkable. She is one of those women who are merely a by-product of their clothes."



"I've got a dollar ten in the bank."  
"Aw! don't try to string me."  
"I have so. Come in an' I'll show it to ye."



Florette:—"If you call this horse a flea-bitten grey, what do you suppose has bitten that other one?"

#### Editorials not yet published in the New York Tribune

To-day we note that the President has been the means of procuring for us the largest army and navy in the world. This is all wrong. What we want is adequate means of protection, but without spending money. It is evident that this armament will be expensive. Besides, the tariff is the important issue. The President has been wasting his time.

President Wilson has at last won a complete diplomatic victory over Germany. How utterly insane! Who ever wanted us to win a diplomatic victory over Germany? Germany is probably very angry over it. The President is wrong again.

The European war has been brought to a close by President Wilson, and universal peace secured. This is the disgraceful news that appears in this morning's columns. At this moment, we cannot put our finger on the rotten spot. But undoubtedly there is something very evil about the whole business, or the present administration would not be concerned in it.

A Western farmer had been handicapped considerably for several years because his wife was a chronic invalid. He bore his troubles patiently and had the sympathy of all the neighbors. One of these met him on the rural highway, one morning, slowed up his team, and remarked:

"H'lo, Bill. How's the wife?"

"No better'n usual," came the reply.

"I'd think you'd be gettin' discouraged."

"Well, mebbe," Bill mused. "But I keep hopin' she'll get well — or somethin'."

#### Justified

The inventor rushed into the office of the patent-attorney, drew a package of plans from his breast pocket, and waved it triumphantly in the attorney's face.

"At last," he shouted gleefully, "at last I have made the greatest advertising discovery of all time!"

"Indeed!" remarked the patent-attorney politely.

"It is a gun," went on the inventor, dancing up and down in his enthusiasm, "which shoots a nail to which is attached a rolled poster. When the nail is shot into a surface which will support it, the poster unrolls! Think! think of the possibilities of this invention! Hitherto inaccessible places may be covered with signs. Advertisements of the Wheeze Automobile can be shot into the walls of the Grand Cañon. The merits of Hugmetite Corsets can be placed against the sheerest cliffs of the Palisades! Posters setting forth the superiority of Sloppy Soups can be planted on the loftiest trees! Our fortune is made!"

The patent-attorney clasped his alabaster brow with his tapering fingers and brooded upon the inventor's words. Then, with a slow, sad smile, he opened the upper right hand drawer of his desk, extracted a dark blue revolver, aimed it steadily at the inventor and pulled the trigger.

The inventor immediately became enthusiastically dead.

"Come what will," murmured the patent-attorney, when he had destroyed the inventor's plans and telephoned for the police, "come what will, I have saved the nation from a fearful fate."

His trial was a great social success and he was acquitted. — K. L. Roberts.



"Hu! dat man mus' want his laundry mighty bad to come runnin' way out here like dat, lookin' fer it!"

Well, Mr. Brandeis has been made a justice, and the Supreme Court will now be given thirty days net to go into a decline.



Gwendolin: "And this afternoon I go to the poultry show."

Butler: "I hope as how you earns fust prize, Miss."

H.J.



## THE SEVEN ARTS

By James Huneker

**Fiction of the Future** In company with other distinguished men who have passed away during the progress of the war, the loss of Henry James was but passably chronicled. News from the various battlefields took precedence over the death of a mere man of literary genius. This was to be expected. Nor need the fact be disguised that his secession from American citizenship may have increased the coolness which prevailed, still prevails, when the name of Mr. James is mentioned in print. More English than the English, he only practised what he preached, though tardily in the matter of his British naturalization. That he did not find all the perfections in his native land is a personal matter; but that he should be neglected in favor of mediocrity is simply the penalty a great artist pays for his devotion to supreme art. Several casual essays by Mr. Howells and Mr. Conrad were reprinted in the North American Review, an appreciation in the April Fortnightly, and Elizabeth Luther Cary's eloquent praise in the Sunday Times; these about end the list. There is also a monograph by an Englishman and Miss Cary's "The Novels of Henry James," a slender volume richly weighted with critical acumen, published years ago—the best study extant on the subject. There is no need of indignation in the matter. Time rights such critical wrongs. Consider the case of Stendhal. The fiction of Henry James is for the future.

**The Fiction of the Future** James seceded years ago from the English traditions, from Fielding, Dickens, Thackeray, and George Eliot. "The Wings of a Dove," "The Ambassadors," "The Golden Bowl" are fictions that will influence future novelists. In our own days we see what a power James has been; a subtle breath on the waters of creation; Paul Bourget, Edith Wharton, even Joseph Conrad, and also many minor English novelists. His later work, say, beginning with "The Tragic Muse," is the prose equivalent of the seven arts in a revolutionary ferment. A marked tendency in the new movements is to throw overboard superfluous technical baggage. The James novel is one of grand simplifications.

As the symphony was modified by Liszt into the symphonic poem and later emerged in the shape of the tone-poem by Richard

Strauss, so the novel of manners evolved from Flaubert's "Sentimental Education," which, despite its "heavenly length," contains in solution all that the newer men have accomplished. Zola patterned after it in the prodigious Rougon-Macquart series; Daudet found therein the impressionism of his "Sappho" anticipated; Maupassant and Huysmans delved patiently and practised characteristic variations. Flaubert is the father of realism as he is part parent of symbolism. His excessive preoccupation with style and his attaching esoteric significance to words sound the note of symbolism. Now Henry James disliked "Sentimental Education"—like other great critics he had his blind side—yet he did not fail to benefit by the radical formal changes introduced by Flaubert, changes as revolutionary as those of Wagner in the music-drama. I call the later James novel a simplification. All the conventional chapter endings are dispensed with; many are suspended cadences. The accustomed and thrice barren modulations from event to event are swept away; unprepared dissonances are of continual occurrence. There is no descriptive padding—that bane of second-class writers; nor are we informed at every speech of the name of a character. This elliptical method James absorbed from Flaubert, while his sometime oblique psychology is partly derived from Stendhal; indeed, without Stendhal both Meredith and James would have been sadly shorn of their psychological splendor. Nor is the shadow of Turgenev missing, not to mention that of Jane Austen.

Possibly the famous "third manner" *The Poor Reader* of James was the result of his resorting to dictation; the pen inhibits where speech does not. These things make difficult reading for a public accustomed to the

hypnotic passes of successful fiction-mongers. In James nothing is forestalled, nothing is obvious, one is forever turning the curve of the unexpected. The actual story may be discouraging in its bareness, yet the situations are seldom fantastic. ("The Turn of the Screw" is an exception.) You rub your eyes as you finish, for with all your credulity, painful in its intensity, you have assisted at a pictorial evocation; both picture and evocation reveal magic in their misty attenuations. And there is ever the triumph of poetic feeling over banal sentiment. The portraits of Milly Theale and Maggie Verver are clairvoyant. Milly's life is a miracle, her ending art superlative. "The Wings of a Dove" is filled with the faintly audible tread of destiny behind the arras of life. The reverberations are almost microphonic with only here and there a crescendo or a climax. The spiritual string music of Henry James is more thrilling to the educated ear than the sound of the big drum and the blaring of trumpets. The implacable curiosity of the novelist concerning causes that do not seem final has been amply dealt with by Mr. Brownell. The question whether his story is worth the telling is a critical impertinence too often uttered; what most concerns us now in the James case is his manner, not matter. All the rest is life.

As far as his middle period his manner is limpidity itself; the later style is a jungle of inversions, suspensions, elisions, repetitions, echoes, transpositions, transformations, neologisms, in which the heads of young adjectives despairingly gaze from afar at the verbs which come thundering at the close of sentences leagues long. It is bewildering, but more bewildering is this peculiarly individual style when drafted into smooth journalistic prose. Nothing remains. Henry James has not spoken. His dissonances cannot be resolved except in the terms of his own matchless art. His meanings evaporate when phrased in our vernacular. This may prove a lot of negating things, or it may not. Why prose should lag behind its sister arts I can't say; possibly because every pothouse politician is supposed to speak it. For that matter any one who has dipped into the well of English undefiled, seventeenth century literature, must realize that nowadays we write a parlous prose. However, it is not a stately prose that James essayed. The son of a metaphysician and moralist—the

(Continued on page 21)

### Chats with the Duchess

#### III

"This eat-and-grow-thin fad," said the Duchess, taking another chop, "is all nonsense. What is it that is so unattractive about being fat?"

"That's all right for you to say," I answered, noting her sylph-like form, her cheeks with just the proper curve, her bosom that would look lovely encased even in an old-fashioned jersey. "But look at that poor woman over there!"

She looked. "Yes, she is too fat," was the verdict of my fair *vis-à-vis*, "but the trouble with you men is that you seem to look first, nowadays, at the figure."

"Nowadays!" I cried. "Tell me, when haven't men noticed the figure first?"

"But look at her face," the Duchess answered, ignoring my perfectly obvious reply. "Like all fat people, she has a lovely countenance." The Duchess is one of those women who have no need to be envious of another of their sex. "When I come to think of it, I've never yet seen a stout woman who wasn't pretty."

"I wonder why that is?" I said.

"Maybe it's because they're always so good-natured. Did you ever know a fat person who hadn't a sense of humor, a loyal heart, an enviable contentment, and whom you weren't glad to see?"

We stared around us again. The room was big, for we happened to be dining at one of the more fashionable hotels—I had found a dividend in my mail that morning—and people were coming and going all the time. We saw the stout and the lean, the old and the young, the lame and the straight; and the Duchess, with her quick wit, appraised each as the procession went by.

"That man, I know, wears low button shoes—even here." I looked down. He did. "His cuffs are detached, too; and if he took off his coat—as he might do!—you would find those awful shirt-sleeve-holders—probably of pink or salmon. He has a plumber's soul and the pocketbook of Croesus, a tired wife—yes, there she comes, trailing after him—and they live in a gingerbread house on a hill in the middle West. . . . And that woman—the one in golden brown, with the mesh-bag—she knits for the Belgians, and doesn't know what the War is about, just that it's 'awful,' and she brought her knitting out in public during the first months of the struggle. Think of the time she's wasted when she was alone! And she thinks she's denying herself by giving up champagne, when the doctor told her it would make her fat if she kept it up. . . . And that young man—the one with the low forehead and the high pompadour—he's the sort that repeats everything you utter, or agrees with you, in order to cover up his lack of anything to say; and he lives only to own one of those cars that the boys drive, with their head on a level with their feet, and a wind-shield as big as a silver dollar. . . . Do look at that woman in yellow! She would tell you, in her growing avoirdupois, that she takes nothing—absolutely—for breakfast. Why do people lie about such trifles? And when you pin



#### The Hobo Joke Comes Back!

Drawn by Herb Roth

Weary Willie: Did you ever feel like wanting to work?

Tired Tim: Only once, but da job was out of my reach.

Weary Willie: What was da job?

Tired Tim: Being a traffic cop in Venice.

her down she says, 'Well, I do take an egg. And when you say, 'Nothing else?' she answers, 'Well, sometimes, though not always, one piece of toast—oh, dry, you know, and—' 'And what?' you ask. 'Well, and once in a while an orange.' And if

half cups of coffee, muffins, and all the Sunday papers. She would tell you that she does these things only when she's visiting. Why, at home, my dear——' But at luncheon she is ready again for a thin soup, fish, an entrée, salad and a sweet. She doesn't want to take the latter, but then, it might embarrass her hostess if she didn't—heaven knows why! Then, at tea-time, even though she swore she would be walking around the links, she always manages to appear, and smokes her cigarette over at least two cups. Then she takes a nap, and comes to dinner at eight, looking—curses!—like a rose. You see, she's pretty, too. Isn't Nature kind to some people—and unkind to others! Just look at that girl behind her; the one with——'

"We'll be late for the play if we stay here any longer," I had to urge.

We hurried out. I stood waiting for the Duchess near the entrance while she got her wraps. Suddenly I heard a shrill voice, and saw a figure in golden brown, carrying a mesh-bag, running toward the ladies' dressing-room.

"I left my knittin' in here!" she almost screamed, as she pushed everyone out of her way. "Maid, did you see it?"

Just then the Duchess came out, a smile upon her face.

"I told you so! Didn't I, Gregory?"

As we got into our taxi, "I wonder what they're saying about us?" laughed the Duchess.

"Someone's probably saying, 'How can that beautiful girl be seen with that man?'"

—Charles Hanson Towne.



"Is that Eddie Jones, the artist with an automobile?"

"I never thought he would succeed."

"He succeeded to a million dollars from his grandmother."

you should meet her at a week-end—which God forbid!—you'd find the maid, in the morning, marching to her room, which would be the big one with the bay windows 'opening on the foam,' with a breakfast-tray laden with marmalade, strawberries, scrambled eggs and crisp bacon, one of those deceptive urns that hold two and a

## DAVE HEMISPHERE WRITES A PLAY

By HELENA SMITH-DAYTON  
Illustrated from clay models by the Author

When Dave Hemisphere confessed, with affected modesty, at the breakfast table, that he had written a play, the announcement cleared up a mystery that had agitated Mrs. Canary's boarding-house for some weeks. Dave, whose personality had become as familiar as the daily menus, suddenly developed eccentricities.

Hemisphere had fixed over his room. Mrs. Canary resented having all of her good furniture put out. Her chiffonier, for instance, she held to be a much handsomer piece of furniture than that clumsy old chest of drawers which Dave called "a highboy." For an elegant brass bed, with an all-hair mattress, Dave had substituted a couch with a gaudy Navajo blanket cover.

"So that's why you've been keeping off by yourself all these evenings!" exclaimed Mrs. Cribbage.

"What are you going to call it, Dave?" inquired Mr. Binney.

"Do tell us what it is all about," pleaded Mrs. Binney.

"When is it going to be put on?" inquired Mrs. Canary, gleaming with pride that this had happened in her house. "We'll all have to go the opening night and sit in a box."

"Who's going to play the star part?" asked May Wizzle.

"I do hope," said Mrs. Cribbage, "that my health will permit my going to see it."

"Several celebrities have lived under my roof," boasted Mrs. Canary. "There was Maud Hinckley — you've heard of her, haven't you? — she used to be with the old Wilbur Opera Company. She always stopped with me."

The law of averages was probably responsible for Dave's writing a play. One person in every five is said to be writing one. At Mrs. Canary's Dave was the logical person. He often dined at table d'hôte restaurants; he knew a press agent, slightly, and he owned

a fur-lined overcoat. Moreover, he had written several articles for a trade paper.

It was with the tolerance of the professional towards the tyro that Dave answered the avalanche of questions.

"I haven't decided, yet, upon the name," he told Mr. Binney. "The play is a modern drama in four acts with prologue and epilogue, a bran' new idea — something that's never been done before. It'll make 'em sit up in the third act and it finishes strong."

"What manager is going to put it on?" inquired Gertie Golightly.

"I haven't let anyone see it yet," said Dave, "but there's one manager very keen to read it. Friend of mine tipped him off about it. I won't have any difficulty in placing it!"

The first time a person writes a play (even if they keep it dark up to a certain point), they begin to take a few people into their confidence. Having confessed to play-writing they start vindicating themselves, and let slip a few scenes — a new type — a good line — and then, the frenzy of reading the entire play descends upon them "to get your frank, honest opinion." Dave Hemisphere had now reached this point.

"If you will all come up to my studio — " invited Dave.

"Your what?" interrupted Mrs. Cribbage.

Dave gave an embarrassed cough. For weeks he had been calling his room his "studio" to persons outside the Canary household.

"As I was saying," Dave continued, "if you'll all come up to my room this evening I'll be glad to read the play to you."

Later Mrs. Cribbage asked her Samuel if he thought it would be all right to go up to Dave's room, now it was a studio. Somehow it didn't sound quite respectable to the old lady's ears.

It was a constrained group that sat in Dave's room that evening, as Dave, leaning against the bookcase, called off the list of characters; Time — the present; Scene — a drawing-room. The couch overflowed with May Wizzle, Miss Quince, Mrs. Canary



*"Dave, whose personality had become as familiar as the daily menus, suddenly developed eccentricities."*

and Mr. Binney. Mrs. Cribbage and Mrs. Binney sat in the comfortable chairs. Gertie Golightly perched on a hassock near Dave, as Mr. Gregory was not present. Samuel Cribbage tiptoed out during the tense scene in the second act. From the beginning of the third act Mrs. Cribbage's soft snores were politely ignored.

Several times Dave interrupted himself to say, "Of course, the best acting plays don't always read the best." "At this point I'm going to put in some good comedy." "A good actor will get an awful lot out of this part," etc., etc.

At the end of the reading there was a long silence.

"Just look at the money that some plays make," remarked Dave. "If they can get by I ought to clean up a fortune on this play."

"I've often thought," said Binney, "that I could write one as good as some I've seen. I tell you, Dave, you want to do something to that second act. It strikes me as being too long."

"I think the other man ought to get her," said May Wizzle.

"Don't you think," ventured Gertie Golightly, "that it would be a little more

*(Continued on page 20)*



*"It was a constrained group that sat in Dave's room that evening, as Dave, leaning against the book-case, called off the list of characters."*



One moonlight-on-the-campus—Good for 157 romantic jokes.



One suffragette graduate with small figures of the professions from which she is about to choose her own—18 jokes.



One Little Mary reciting verses. Obverse for jokes about how Little Mary affects her audience. Reverse for jokes on Little Mary made from the platform—196 jokes.



One group containing at least one teacher, one visiting school commissioner, one father and one mother. (This group is often combined with Little Mary.)—142 jokes.



One daughter hitting father for large sum of money with which to buy her graduation costume for which the girls have agreed to pay no more than \$1.—16 jokes.



One graduate with the world as it seemed to him and as he found it.—Material for 219 jokes.

Drawn by Ralph Barton

PUCK feels that all of its readers are thoroughly acquainted with each and every one of the 738 Commencement Day jokes. PUCK also feels that it would be a low trick on its contemporaries to bring out a number toward the last of June without at least some of these jokes contained therein. Here, then, are illustrations for the six types of Commencement Day jokes with the number of jokes belonging to each class printed beneath. You may fit your own jokes to the pictures.

## THE GHOOLAH

By H. C. BUNNER  
Illustrated by Everett Shinn



EVERETT SHINN

*..... a big hand snatched the bottle of champagne from my grasp*

I TOOK a long drive one day last Summer to see an old friend of mine who was in singularly hard luck; and I found him in even harder luck and more singular than I had expected. My drive took me to a spot a few miles back of a Southern sea-coast, where, in a cup-like hollow of the low, rocky hills, treeless save for stunted and distorted firs and pines, six or eight score of perspiring laborers, attired in low-necked costumes consisting exclusively of a pair of linen trousers a-piece, toil all day in the blazing sun to dig out some kind of clay of which I know nothing, except that it looks mean, smells worse, has a name ending in *ite*, and is of great value in the arts and sciences. They may make fertilizer out of it, or they may make water-colors: Billings told me, but I don't know. There are some things that one forgets almost as readily as a blow to one's pride. Moreover, this stuff was associated in my mind with Big Mitch.

Of course Billings was making a fortune out of it. But as it would take six or eight years to touch the figure he had set for himself, and as he had no special guarantee

of an immortal youth on this earth, and as, until the fortune was made, he had to live all the year around in that god-forsaken spot, and to live with Big Mitch, moreover, I looked upon him as a man in uncommonly hard luck. And he was.

I had been visiting friends in a town some miles inland, and it had occurred to me that it would be an act of Christian charity to drive over the hills to Billings's place of servitude, and to console with my old friend. I had nothing else to do—a circumstance always favorable to the perpetration of acts of Christian charity—and I went. He was enthusiastically glad to see me—I was the first visitor he had ever had—and he left his office at once, and led me up the burning hot sand-hill to his house, which was a very comfortable sort of place when you got there. It was an old-fashioned Southern house, small but stately, with a Grecian portico in front, supported by two-story wooden pillars. Here he was established in lonely luxury, with no one to love, none to caress, swarms of darkeys, and a cellar full of wines that would have tempted the Dying Anchorite to swill.

Casually dispatching half a dozen niggers after as many bottles of champagne as they thought we might need to whet our appetites for luncheon, Billings bade me welcome again, and we fell to friendly talk.

He began with that kind of apology for his condition that speaks its own futility, and its despair of any credence. Of course, he said, it was not a very cheerful sort of life, but it had its compensations—quiet, good for the nerves, opportunity for study and all that sort of thing, self-improvement. And then, of course, there was society, such as it was—mainly, he had to admit, the superannuated bachelors and worn-out old maids who clung to those decaying Southern plantations—for, it is hardly necessary to say, not an acre of property in that forlorn region, save only Billings's mud-bank, had yielded a cent of revenue since the war. And, of course, the unpleasant part of it was that none of them lived less than ten or fifteen miles away, and were only to be reached by a long ride, and as he—Billings—was never at ease in the saddle, on account of his liver, this practically shut him out. But then, of course, Mitch went everywhere and enjoyed it very much.

"Oh, yes!" said I, reminded of the most unpleasant part of my duty; "and how is Mitch?"

"He's dirty well, and it's devilish little you care!" brayed out an incredibly brazen voice just behind my ear, and a big red hand snatched the bottle of champagne from my grasp, while a laugh, that sounded like a hyena trying to bellow, rang in my ears. A great, big, raw-boned youngster, dressed in clothes of an ingenious vulgarity, dropped heavily into a chair by my side and laid a knobby broad red hand on my knee, where it closed with a brutal grip. That was Big Mitch, whose real name was Randolph Mitchel, and who, being by birth a distant connection of dear old Billings, might reasonably have been expected to be some sort of variety of gentleman. Yet, if you wanted to sum up Big Mitch, his ways, manners, tastes, ideas and spiritual make-up generally,—if he could be said to have any spiritual make-up—you had only to say that he was all that a gentleman is not, and you had a better descriptive characterization of the man than you could have got in a volume telling just what he was. This was not by any means my first acquaintance with Mr. Randolph Mitchel. When I was a young man his father had stood my friend, and though he had dropped out of my sight when he went, a hopeless consumptive, to vegetate in some Western sanitarium, it was natural enough that he should send to me to use my good offices in behalf of his son, who had been expelled from a well-known freshwater college of the Atlantic slope, very shortly after he had entered it.

Now I am not a hard-hearted man, and a boy with a reasonable, rational, normal amount of devil in him can do pretty nearly anything he wants to with me; therefore it signifies something when I say that after giving up a week to the business, I had to write to poor old Mr. Mitchel, at the Consumptives' Home, Bilhi, Colorado, not only that it was impossible to get his son

Randolph reinstated at that particular college, but that I did not believe that there was any college ever made where the boy had a prospect of staying even one term out. It was not that he was vicious; he was no worse on the purely moral side than scores of wild boys. But he was the most hopelessly, irreclaimably turbulent, riotous, unruly, insolent, brutal, irreverent, unmannerly and generally blackguardly young devil that I had ever encountered; and the entire faculty of the college said, in their own scholastic way, that he beat their time. He had not even the saving graces of good-nature, thoughtlessness and mirthful good-fellowship, which may serve as excuse for much youthful waywardness. The students disliked him as thoroughly as their professors did, and although he was smart as a steel trap and capable of any amount of work when he wanted to do it, nobody in that college wanted him, — not even the captain of the foot-ball team.

Was I right? Had I wronged the boy? I asked that captain, and he said No.

Big Mitch was only twenty-three or so, but he had been many things in his young life. He had run away and traveled with a circus. He had been a helper in a racing stable. I don't know what he was when his father made a last desperate appeal to poor Billings, and Billings, who did not know what he was letting himself in for, sent him down to start up work on the recently purchased mud-pit. There Mitch found his billet, and he led a life of absolute happiness, domineering over a horde of helpless, ignorant negroes and white men of an even lower grade who sought work in that wretched place. And what a life he led the dear, gentle, kindly old fellow who had sold himself to fortune-getting in that little Inferno! I knew how Billings must loathe him; I knew, indeed, how he did loathe him, though he was too gentle to say it, but I knew that the burden my poor old friend had put upon himself would not soon be shifted. For Big Mitch was useful, nay, indispensable, for the first time in his life. He was as honest as he was tough, and he could handle that low grade of human material as few others could have done. The speculation would have been a failure without him. "In fact," Billings told me afterward with a sad smile, "it is not only that he raises the efficient of the works; he is the efficient of the works."

Big Mitch never bore me the slightest ill-will for the report I had made to his father. He was too indurated an Ishmael for that. He knew everybody disliked him, but he did not care a cent for that. When he wanted other people's company, he took it. The question of their enjoyment was one that never entered his mind. It was in pure delight in seeing me that he grabbed my knee, pinched my kneecap until it sent a qualm to my stomach, and told me that he had ordered my driver to go home, and that I had got to stay and see the country. Things came pretty near to a lively squall when I got the impudence of this through my head; but when Billings joined his frightened, anxious pleadings to the youth's brutalities, and I saw his humbled, troubled, mortified face, I yielded.

We were free from Mitch after luncheon, and poor Billings began to make a pitiful little apology; but I stopped him.

"I don't mind," I said; "I was only thinking of you."

"Oh, I've got accustomed to it," he said, trying to smile; "and it's really more tolerable than you would think, when you get to know him. And when he is too — too trying — why, there is one place that he understands he must respect. Come to my library. You are the first person who has ever entered it except myself."

He led me to the door of a room at the end of a dark passage-way. As he put the key in the lock I noticed a curious smell.

"I want you to see," said he, "the sort of thing I'm interested in."

I had not been five seconds in the room before I knew what it was — the sort of thing he was interested in. Loneliness breeds strange maggots in the brain of a New Yorker temporarily engaged in the mud-mining business. My old friend Billings was now a full-blown Theosophist, and he had that little room stuffed full of more Mahatma-literature and faquir trumpery than you could shake a stick at. There were skulls and fans and grass-cloth things and heathen gods till — literally — your eyes couldn't rest. There were four-legged gods and eight-legged gods, and gods with their legs where their arms ought to be, and gods who were of the gentleman-god and lady-god sex at one and the same time, and gods with horns and miscella-



... a short, insignificant-looking figure perched on a rock, from whence it directed . . . .

deal of grief. But finally I began to get a new light, and Billings convinced me that there was something in it, and we had some more champagne.

That evening Mitch came for us with a carryall, and said he was going to drive us twenty miles inland to a "dancing-in-the-barn" function on somebody's plantation. I proved to him then and there that he was not. Billings nearly melted into a puddle while the operation was going on. He could scarcely believe his eyes when he saw Big Mitch drive off alone, and I think he had a slight chill. At any rate, he had the champagne brought to the library, and there he told me that he had not believed such a thing to be possible; that he looked upon me in a new light, and that he thought my *Ghoollah* must be stronger than Mitch's *Ghoollah*. I told him that I should be ashamed of myself if it wasn't; and then I asked him what a *Ghoollah* was. Please do not ask me if I have spelled that word, right. I am spelling it by ear, and if my ear for Hindoo is as bad as my ear for music, I have probably got it wrong. It sounded something like the noise that pigeons make, and that is as near as I can get to it. According to Billings, it was Hindoo for my vital essence and my will power and my conscience and my immortal soul and pretty nearly every other spiritual property that I carried around in my clothes. Everyone, it appeared, had a *Ghoollah*. If your *Ghoollah* was stronger than the other man's *Ghoollah*, you bossed the other man. If you had a good and happy *Ghoollah*, you were good and happy. If you had a bad *Ghoollah*, you were bilious. If my Theosophy is wrong, please do not correct it. I prefer it wrong. I told him that I did not see that having a *Ghoollah* was anything more than being yourself, but he said it was; that folks could swap *Ghoollahs*, or lend them out on call loans.

Then it all came out. That was the reason that he was driving deeper and deeper into Theosophy. He had got so sick of Mitch that, feeling it impossible to shake off his burden, he had seized upon this *Ghoollah* idea as offering a ray of hope. He was now trying to learn how to get



"It's that Penrhyn pup"

neous gods, and a few other gods. In odd places here and there, where he had not had time to arrange them properly, there were a few more gods.

And then my poor old friend sat down and tried to put me through the whole business, and tell me what a great and mysterious thing it was, and what a splendid scheme it would be to get into the two-hundred and ninety-seventh state or the thirtieth dilution or the thirty-third degree, or something, for when you got there you were nothing, don't you know?

I was short on Vishnu and I didn't know beans about Buddha, and for a long time, I am afraid, I gave dear old Billings a great

(Continued on page 23)



EPISODE 1

## THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS

### *Why Sleep at Home?*

Lots more folks would attend the movie shows but for the fact it is bedtime before they commence.

—*The Pea Ridge (Ark.) Pod.*

### *Nice of Him*

Experienced chauffeur wishes position; does own repairing; good references. Address Box T-87, News.

—*The Detroit (Mich.) News.*

### *Health Note*

After making three attempts to commit suicide Oscar Sexton, 705 Edgar avenue, was given a hearing to test his sanitary in the city court room before Judge Harrah, Monday afternoon.

—*The Mattoon (Ill.) Commercial-Star.*

### *Is This a Compliment for the Widow?*

Amos Cress was calling at the widow Palmers Sunday, we think Amos' head is level, if his feet do move about.

—*The Spring (Va.) Vidette.*

### *The Other Half Shies*

FOR SALE — Half Shetland Pony, gentle to ride. See G. B. Jones, Monmouth, Oregon. —*The Independence (Ore.) Enterprise.*

### *Absent Treatment As Good*

Mrs. William Campbell called on Mrs. O. W. Delong Wednesday. Mrs. Delong is still in very poor health.

—*Ithaca (N. Y.) Journal.*

### *Well, Well!*

Mrs. O. E. Beeman felt able, last week, to sit up in her chair for a while and the prospect now seems fair for her stepping again.

—*Newtown (Conn.) Bell.*

### *Well, What's a Derrick For?*

Members of the Derrick family, who have been boarding at various places in town since Catherine was declared to have diphtheria, had a reunion tonight at the home on Green street, in observance of the lifting of the quarantine, which permitted them to be together at home for the first time since April 16. —*Worcester (Mass.) Telegram.*

### *Negatively Positive*

Bethel school closed last Wednesday with an entertainment Wednesday night. The teacher and children did all they could to make it successful. We hope nobody didn't go home disappointed.

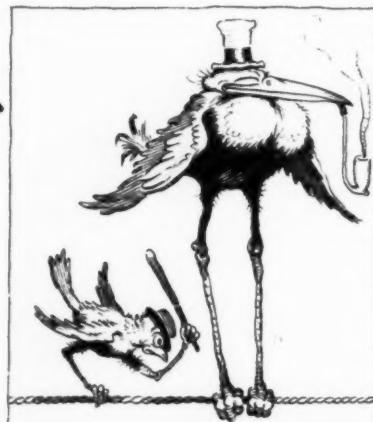
—*The Williamsburg (S. C.) Herald.*

### *This Sounds Like Higher Stakes*

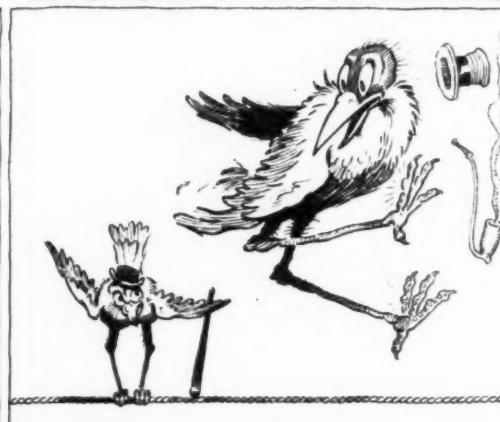
Last week the Advance had W. E. Walker, Jr., Vidalia's popular jeweler, engaged in a "dice contest." Of course, this was a slip of the pen. It should have been a "diamond" contest." —*The Vidalia (Ga.) Advance.*

PUCK will be glad to have the assistance of readers in the collection of items for this page. If you come across a clipping which is a worthy example of the freedom of the press, send it in to K. S., care of PUCK.

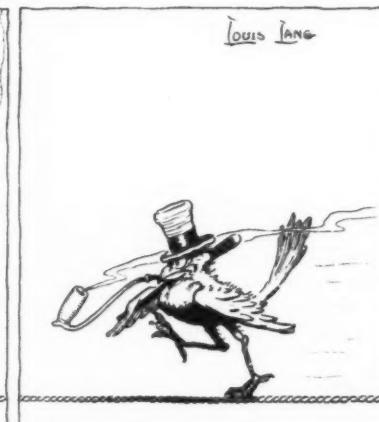
## ADVENTURES ON THE CLOTHES-LINE



"Take that!"



You old stork.



Now I'm even for those nestlings you left me last night."

### *Not Very Clear*

John Killian was run down by an auto this week. His horse's leg was broken in three places.

—*The Medina (Ohio) Gazette.*

### *The Way Pain Is*

George Denton has been confined to his home since last Saturday. He is suffering with rheumatism, which has developed a very painful pain, and he is unable to put any weight on his limbs. He is greatly missed at his barber shop.

—*The Girard (Ill.) Citizen.*

### *No Charge for this Ad.*

Rine Schmidt has a nice farm, a new house and barn all finished and is still a bachelor. He says he has no faith in this leap year business. —*The North Judson (Ind.) News.*

### *Uses Different Though*

Farm Demonstrator J. R. Woods says that a good milk cow is actually worth more than the best mule in the world.

—*The Montgomery Co. (Ark.) Democrat.*

### *A Strictly Moral Job*

The duties of his office require him to move with his entire family, which consists of himself and his own wife, to the county seat.

—*The Little Valley (N. Y.) Hub.*

### *Queer Anatomy*

The damage done the cars was light, Rev. Rhodes suffering a broken step and Mr. Orwig a broken light and a bent axle.

—*The Carey (Ohio) Times.*

### *Runaway Mary*

Mary Wyckoff was seen going up the ridge last week in a high trot.

—*The Waverly (O.) Watchman.*

### Trouble in the Air

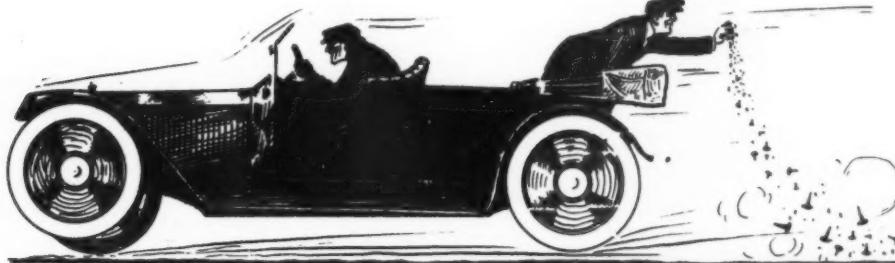
Marks, francs, and pounds sterling may fluctuate, even centessimi may wobble; but the one great universal medium of exchange, *dust*, remains ever constant. Of course, there are occasional flurries along the street, and times when the gatherings at the curb go up in the air. Nevertheless, when the agitation subsides, it will be found that dust stands just about where it stood before.

Indeed, the dust exchange never varies. The ash-cart advances dust to the sidewalk; the sidewalk takes a flyer in trouser and skirt margins; these, as soon as collections are satisfactory, make a settlement on the parlor rug, which is glad to act as depository. The rug hoards its treasure; but every time the room's swept, the rest of the floor, helped by draughts from the window, raises funds enough to cover the walls and furniture.



Clerk.—"That, madam, is gasolene, our most expensive and rarest odor."

inside an old pair of shoes on the bottom of your closet and there raising a large and fuzzy family. It will shed a mantle of



"A tackful argument is sometimes best."

And to this is added the activity of the feather duster—which, however, gives the impression of a larger clearance than it effects.

The rug cannot long withhold its dust from circulation. The day comes (perhaps a Saturday) when it is held up on some lonely roof or in some deserted back yard and bludgeoned into giving up its store. The dust thus extracted is conveyed by gentle zephyrs back to the sidewalk to be picked up again—or, more likely, is wafted into the windows of the very room from which it came.

Yet, almost any room will do. Dust that is driven out is so eager to get in again that it isn't particular about the how and where. It has a strong homing instinct; it may go visiting, but it always comes back. The person who mops it up off the floor and then shakes the mop out of the window, is waving *au revoir*, but not good-bye; for to-morrow it will return, when someone else mops it up and waves a would-be farewell. Whence the expression: *Cast your dust upon the breezes, and it will return in just a shake.* This mutual give and take is the foundation of community life.

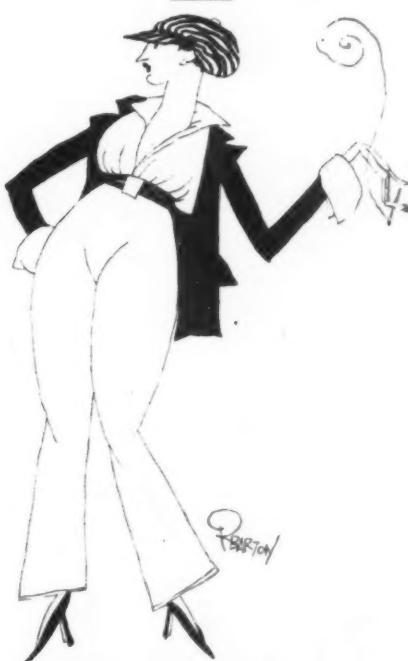
Every now and then a batch of dust is adroitly trapped with a vacuum cleaner and kept in a can for the ash-fancier; but when he comes along, he tosses it lustily in air, and the merry game starts over again.

There seems to be no danger that the supply will give out. Our forests, our mines, our oil-wells, may all be used up, but our dust will never all be swept up. The exhaustion will be only on the part of the sweepers.

For dust is infinitely resourceful. It will grow and flourish in forgotten corners. It will squat on any of your property that you neglect; for example, establishing itself

reproach over the things you pretend to use but don't. And when it descends upon your belongings, it will do so as nonchalantly and with as complete an air of innocence as though it were dew from heaven.

In short, dust may be beaten, but never conquered: there will always be as much as there is broom for. —Lawton Mackall.



Portrait of your favorite movie-actress so successfully disguised as a boy that she deceives everybody in the picture as to her sex, joins the army, and steals the plans from the enemy's general.

### Repelling the Invader

The war experts are all agreed that about a year from now or two years from now, maybe sooner, you can't tell—anyways, before long—the Kaiser'll say to the German people: "Well, folks and friends, I'm sorry to tell you, the war is over."

"What?" they'll squall, indignantly. "Not a'ready?"

"Yep. Das Lied ist aus. The fun is over."

"Well, whadda ya know about that? Ah, look at here, Kize, we don't want to quit now-owl! We're only just gettin' into our stride. Yaint a-goin' to call it off at the most interestin' part, are you?"

"Why, I'd like awfully to oblige, but I passed my word I'd sign the peace treaty to-morrow right after luncheon."

"Oh, well, in that case. . . But shucks! Say! Ain't they anybody we can have a war



with while we got our hand in? Havin' such a nice time and then quittin' so quick."

"Why—ah, let me see. . . There's the verfluchte Yankees."

"Oh, sure! Come on, boys! Less all go lick the Yankees!"

So, according to the war experts, they will unwrap the tissue-paper and excelsior from around the vessels of the German navy, and pack 'em full of German soldiers from the double-bottoms up, and sail over here, and land on Montauk Point, which is the tip-end of Long Island's sacred gravel.

Not knowing what has already been done in up-to-date preparedness on Long Island, the war experts say that un'ess we start in right after election building super-dreadnoughts and teaching the children "Hay-foot, straw-foot" instead of "Now I lay me," we are doomed to lose our liberty.

A little, dinky, five-and-ten-cent navy, a higgledy-piggledy army such as fought flies at Tampa in 1898 and got the worst of it, will be more dangerous than none at all.

That is the talk, and it would be good talk, too, if you'd never traveled any on Long Island. Then you'd know that a German invasion is already stopped. It can't eventuate.

If the invaders started to get ready for a battle, there'd be a constable right there. He'd say: "See that sign?"

'Course they could see it. They're up all over. Long Island is simply *saturated* with signs that say:

**GUNNING ON THESE PREMISES  
POSITIVELY PROHIBITED.**

And there they'd be. Stuck. Man kann nicht: 's ist verboten. —Eugene Wood.

**Dave Hemisphere Writes a Play**

(Continued from page 14)

artistic to end the play where she says — "

"With a few changes it would be a great play for John Drew," said Mrs. Canary, and Mrs. Cribbage awoke in time to say that she had seen Denman Thompson in "The Old Homestead" three times.

From that evening on Dave Hemisphere was kept busy explaining that delays were a part of the playwriting game. Managers never could keep their appointments with him, and were always being called away to Chicago. Dave repeated that the theatrical business was never so bad in the history of the stage as at present.

Furthermore, Dave had at his tongue's end the names of any number of play successes that had first gone the rounds and had been turned down. Next, he knocked the props out from under the hero to fat up the part for a woman star.

Mrs. Canary's boarders gradually lost interest in Dave's play. It was their opinion that it would never go on, and even if it did it was doomed to failure. Occasionally, at meal time, when conversation lagged, some one would inquire, kindly, "Well, Dave, how's the play coming on?"

"I know what's wrong with it, now," Dave would reply. "I'm going to re-write it."

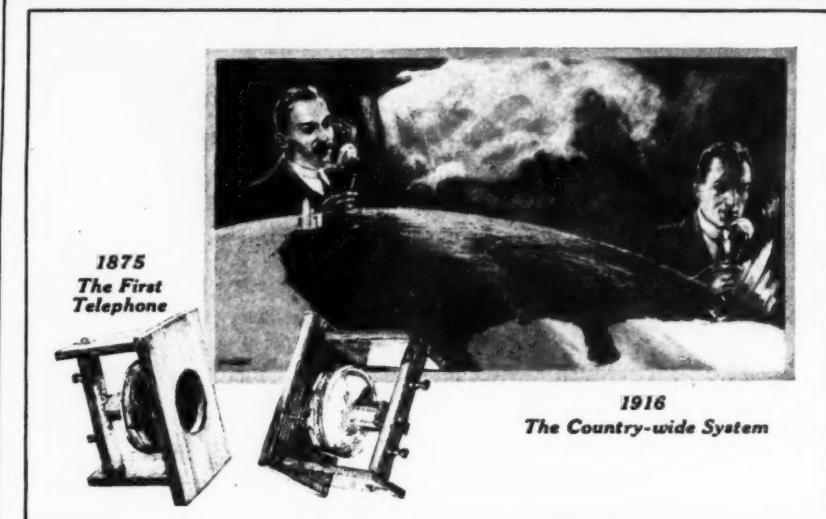


"I feel so sorry for Mazie! She gets a swell salary, but is so handsome that she'll surely marry!"

Prior to the regular Sabbath service one of the deacons took the pastor aside and informed him that Old Grady, proprietor of the town's only first-class family liquor store, had been induced to attend the meeting. "As a special favor to all of us," said the Deacon, "don't inject anything into the sermon about the liquor business. And stay off the gamblers, too, Parson. He may have some friends among the gamblers. Just kind o' go easy all around."

"I'm willing to go easy," said the Parson, "but what am I going to talk about?"

The Deacon paused for a moment and then whispered: "Why don't you go after the Mormons? We haven't got one in the town."

**Forty-one Years of Telephone Progress**

The faint musical sound of a plucked spring was electrically carried from one room to another and recognized on June 2, 1875. That sound was the birth-cry of the telephone.

The original instrument—the very first telephone in the world—is shown in the picture above.

From this now-historic instrument has been developed an art of profound importance in the world's civilization.

At this anniversary time, the Bell System looks back on forty-one years of scientific achievement and economic progress, and gives this account of its stewardship:

It has provided a system of communication adequate to public needs and sufficiently in advance of existing conditions to meet all private demands or national emergencies.

It has made the telephone the most economical servant of the people for social and commercial intercourse.

It has organized an operating staff loyal to public interests and ideals; and by its policy of service it has won the appreciation and good will of the people.

With these things in mind, the Bell System looks forward with confidence to a future of greater opportunity and greater achievement.



**AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY  
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES**

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210 Fifth Ave., New York**

### The Seven Arts

(Continued from page 12)

writings of Henry James, the elder, are far from negligible — the brother of the greatest American psychologist, the late William James of brilliant memory, it need hardly be added that character problems are of more interest to this novelist than the external qualities of rhetorical sonority, or the fascination of glowing surfaces. You can no more read aloud a page of James than you can read aloud De Goncourt. For Flaubert, who modelled his magnificent prose harmonies on the Old Testament, Shakespeare, Bossuet, and Chateaubriand, the final test of noble prose is the audible reading thereof. Flaubert called it "spouting." The James prose appeals rather to the inner ear. Nuance and overtones not dazzling tropical hues or rhythmical variety.

**The Moral** Henry James is a law unto himself. His novels may be a precursor of the books our grandchildren will enjoy when the hurly-burly of noisy adventure, cheap historical vapidities, and still cheaper drawing-room struttings shall have vanished. (But like the poor the stupid reader we shall always have with us.) In the fiction of the future a more complete synthesis will be attained. An illuminating essay by Arthur Symons places George Meredith among the decadents, the murderers of their mother tongue, the men who shatter syntax to serve their artistic ends. Henry James belonged to this group for a longer time than the majority of his critics suspected. In his ruthless disregard of the niceties and conventionalities of sentence structure I see the outcome of his oral dictation. Yet no matter how crabbed and involved is his page, a character always emerges from the smoke of his muttered enchantments. The chief fault is not his obscurity, (his prose, like the prose in Browning's "Sordello," is packed with too many meanings) but that his character always speaks in purest Jacobean. So do the people in Balzac's crowded, electric world. So do the men and women of Dickens and Meredith. It is the fault — or virtue — of all subjective genius; however, not a fault or virtue of Flaubert or Turgenev or Tolstoy. All in all, Henry James is a distinctly American novelist, a psychologist of extraordinary powers and divination. He has pinned to paper the soul of the cosmopolitan. The obsession of the moral problem that we feel in Hawthorne is not missing. The Puritan lurks in James, a Puritan tempered by European culture. Be his manner never so cryptic his deep-veined humanity may be felt by those who read him aright. His Americans abroad suffer a deep-sea change; a complete gamut of achieved sensibility divides Daisy Miller from Maggie Verver. Henry James is a faithful "Social Secretary" — the phrase is Balzac's — to the American afloat from his native mooring as well as at home. And his exquisite notations are the glory of English literature.

A New York newspaper is raising a fund wherewith to light up the Statue of Liberty. A needed reform. But why not get a little real use out of it by putting in motion pictures?



### EGYPTIAN DEITIES

"The Utmost in Cigarettes"  
Plain End or Cork Tip

People of culture, refinement and education invariably PREFER Deities to any other cigarette.

25¢

Anargyros

Makers of the Highest Grade Turkish and Egyptian Cigarettes in the World

## The HARDMAN AUTOTONE

*The PERFECT Player-Piano*

A superb Hardman Upright with the best Player-Action manufactured. Made in its entirety by us in our own factories. Easy terms if desired

**HARDMAN, PECK & CO.**  
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### Have Beautiful, Long Soft Hair

#### Stop Dandruff—Falling Hair

Is Your Hair Falling? Is It Dry? Brittle? Short? Thin? Lifeless? Faded? Are You Bald or Nearly Bald?

Thoroughly shampoo your hair and scalp with Q-BAN HAIR TONIC, and after drying your hair not even a trace of dandruff or falling hair can be found, and your scalp will not itch. If the hair is at all brittle, faded, straggly, thin or falling, the application of a little Q-BAN HAIR TONIC will make all your hair light, fluffy, soft, wavy, thick and abundant, causing the hair to grow long and to have that lustre and luxuriance which makes the hair so fascinating and attractive.

Q-BAN HAIR TONIC is most satisfactory and agreeable to use and the only antiseptic hair tonic made. It should be used on the heads and hair of children as well as grown-up folks, as it keeps the hair and scalp healthy, clean and free from germs and excessive oil. Fifty cents a big bottle at drug stores or sent prepaid.

Write for illustrated lectures on Hair Culture and information about special Q-BAN HAIR COLOR RESTORER for darkening gray hair without dyes.

**Q-BAN LABORATORIES, Memphis, Tenn.**

(Hessig-Ellis Drug Co., Prop.)



**Literature and the Unions**

So the Authors' League of America, that youthful organization which already includes over a thousand manufacturers of moving picture scenarios, poets, playwrights, space writers, humorists and war experts, is to have a referendum as to joining or not joining the American Federation of

notes" to their best advertisers. You can perhaps educate the authors to make their adventures "hiss" remarks containing no s's, c's, or z's. You can overthrow the school of writers who say "transpire" when they mean "happen," and "apt" when they mean "likely." You can fire editors who insist that they publish in their magazines



"Here's my I. O. U. for ten dollars!"  
"But you only borrowed five!"  
"Oh, that's all right! If I don't borrow the difference by next week, remind me!"

Labor. This is a potentially serious matter from the standpoint of the consuming public. It means that a future walkout of the Big Six or the Longshoremen's Union might mean an interruption in the issue of hammock books and a break in the continuity of the "Atlantic Monthly" and the "Unpopular Review." If the plumbers should go on strike, so too might Mr. Robert W. Chambers and Mr. George Barr McCutcheon,— and what would serial readers do then? We can postpone our plumbing operations till Fall, but when a "Sexopolitan" serial is cut off in its state of most thrilling suspension could we stand for a walkout?

But there are other possibilities than the unionizing of our authors. If these talk about joining the union, why shouldn't we readers beat them to it? There is an immense future for the American Federation of Magazine Consumers. Upon editors and writers alike the pressure that such a union could exert would almost certainly prove beneficent to a degree. Organization is the word of the hour. Preparedness is in the air. Awake, American readers! You have only to whisper and the editors and their scribbling slaves will tremble till their horned glasses shake from their quivering noses and smash upon the unlettered pavement. Like the noble horse, you little know your power!

This is no place to indicate the possibilities of your organization. I verily believe that you could frighten the editors and their advertising managers into abolishing that system of make-up which obliges you to turn anxiously from page 37 to page 166, losing Angelina and her Horace for ten good minutes while, in a perspiring frenzy, you turn 100 pages. You can bring persuasion to play upon the editors who make up a paper in April and call it the July number. You can coerce the editors who run "Financial Departments" and then give "reading

nothing but "virile" fiction and "significant" articles. You can ostracize and utterly overwhelm editors who blurb on their covers in facsimile handwriting fatuous assertions that Jim Paris contributes to this issue a short story better than anything ever done by Guy de Daudet, Alphonse Maupassant, or O. Kipling. You can humiliate the book publishers who state on the paper jacket that the enclosed novel beats anything by Henry James, William Makepeace Thackeray, Nathaniel Hawthorne, or Herr Von Goethe. You can tie a can to the editors who print verses by the daughter-in-law of their publisher's first wife, and war articles by the second cousin of the Secretary of State.

Whether the Authors' League joins the Federation of Labor is a matter of minor importance as we see it now. But the American Federation of Magazine Consumers has a colossal future before it.

— W. B. Blake.

Writes a correspondent of the *New York Sun*: "Two thousand Carranza troops were reported marching from three directions to-day." Versatile chaps, those Mexicans.



"My Last Shot, Too!"



**GAIETY** Broadway, 46th St. Evenings 8.20  
Matinees Wed. and Sat. 2.20

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**THE GREAT LOVER**

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The Successor to "Peg O' My Heart"

**THE CINDERELLA MAN**

EDWARD CHILDS CARPENTER'S NEW ROMANTIC  
COMEDY WITH A NOTABLE CAST

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Direction of S. L. ROTHAPFEL

Continuous Show from Noon  
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Largest, Best Orchestra and Organ in any Theatre in the  
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**JUSTICE** John Galsworthy's  
Masterpiece

With John Barrymore and O. P. Heggie

After the Play Visit Atop New Amsterdam  
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**ZIEGFELD** MEETING PLACE  
MIDNIGHT FROLIC OF THE WORLD

**SHUBERT ATTRACTIONS**  
IN NEW YORK

**WINTER GARDEN** Coming—  
SHUBERT PASSING SHOW OF 1916  
Lew Fields

44th St. The Blue Paradise With  
Cecil Leon

**LYRIC** Katinka

**CASINO** Very Good Eddie

**MAXINE ELLIOTT'S** Marie Tempest

### The Ghoolah

(Continued from page 17)

into spiritual communication with somebody — anybody — else, who would swap Ghoolahs with him after business hours, so that they could ride-and-tie, as it were, and give his own weary Ghoolah a rest.

"Look here, Billings," I said, "this is all rubbish. Now, I'm not dealing in Ghoolahs, but I'll tell you what I'll do. You can find some sort of a job here for a decent young fellow, and I'll send one down who'll be grateful for the place and who will be a companion to you. It's Arthur Penrhyn, Dr. Penrhyn's boy; a nice, pleasant young fellow — just what his father used to be, you remember? He was to have graduated at Union this year, but he broke down from over-study. That's the kind of Ghoolah you want, and he'll do you no end of good."

\* \* \* \* \*

This happened in June. I had never expected to see Billings's mud-heap again, but I saw it before the end of July. I went there because Billings had written me that if I cared for him and our life-long friendship, and for poor Penrhyn's boy, I must come at once. He could not explain by letter what the matter was.

It added to my natural concern when, on my arrival, Billings hurried me into the library and I found it as theosophic as ever. I had hoped that that nonsense was ended. But worse was to come.

"When you were here before," said Billings, impressively, without having once mentioned champagne, "you scoffed at a light which you couldn't see. Now, my friend, I am going to let you see it with your own eyes, and you shall tell me whether or no you are convinced that it is possible for one human being to exchange his entity with another. If I have brought you here on a wild goose chase, I am willing to have you procure a judicial examination into my sanity, and I will abide the issue."

He spoke with so much quiet gravity that he made me feel creepy.

"See here, old man," I said; "do you mean to tell me that you have succeeded in pairing off with any other fellow's Ghoolah, or Woollah, or whatever it is?"

"No," he said, coloring a little; "it's not I. It's — it's — it's — in fact, it's that boy Penrhyn."

"What the deuce do you mean?" I demanded.

"I mean that Arthur Penrhyn has changed, or, rather, is changing his spiritual essence with another man."

"Indeed," said I; "and who's the other man?"

"Randolph Mitchel," said Billings.

"Mitch?"

"Mitch!"

There is no need of describing the rest of that interview. You have probably met the man who believes that the spirit of his grandmother came out of the cabinet and shook hands with him. You can probably imagine how you would talk to that man if he had brought you eight hundred miles to tell you about it. That is what happened in Billings's library that afternoon.

(Continued on page 24)

Hale and hearty and active at three score and ten. Do you know such a man? Then ask him the secret of success.

Without doubt he'll lay moderation as the corner stone of most successful careers.

And so he drinks moderately a wonderfully mild and mellow Whiskey — Wilson — Real Wilson — That's All!

*The Whiskey for which we invented the Non-Refillable Bottle*

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**The Ghoollah**

(Continued from page 23)

noon, and it ended, of course, in our calling each other "old man" a great many times over, and in my agreeing to stay to the end of the week, and in Billings giving me his word of honor not to open his mouth on the subject unless at the end of that time I asked him to and admitted that he was right in sending for me. And then Billings did something that knocked my consciousness of superiority clean out of me, and gave a severe shock to my confidence. He offered to bet me five hundred dollars to anything that would make it interesting on that contingency, and he called me down and down till I had to compromise on a bet of fifty dollars even. I have met many men in the course of my life who believed in various spook-religions, but that was the first and only time that I ever met a man who would back his faith with a cold money bet.

\* \* \* \* \*

By way of changing the subject, we strolled down to the quarry. It was even hotter than before, and it smelt worse, and I did not wonder that it had driven poor old Billings to Theosophy. It was a scene of interesting activity, but it could not be called pleasant. I have a great respect for the dignity of labor, but I think labor looks more dignified with its shirt on than when reduced to a lone pair of breeches.

I was about to make a motion to return to the house, when suddenly a string of peculiarly offensive oaths, uttered in a shrill angry voice, drew my attention to a heavy wire rope which a gang of men were hauling across my path. Looking up I saw, as well as I could see anything, against the dazzling background of the hill, a short, insignificant-looking figure perched on a rock, from whence it directed, with many gesticulations and an abounding stream of profanity, the operations of the toiling, grunting, straining creatures who dragged at the ponderous cable. Its operations seemed to be conducted with more vehemence than judgment, and two or three times the rope was on the edge of slipping back into the pit behind, when it was saved by the men's quick response to some directions given in a low, strong voice by a man who stood in my rear. Some little hitch occurred after a minute or two, and the small figure, in an access of rage, rushed down from the rock, and, showering imprecations all around, leaped in among the workmen, pushing, shoving and cuffing, and after considerable trouble finally got them to doing what he wanted. I heard the heavier voice behind me utter half-aloud an expression of annoyance and disgust. Then the little figure passed me, running back to its rock, and hailed me as it passed.

"Hello, Governor!" it said; "you here? See you when I get this job done!"

"Billings," said I, "who on earth is that?"

"Arthur Penrhyn," said Billings. I looked again and saw that it was. Then I turned round and saw behind me the gigantic form of Mitch. He, too, spoke to me as I passed, and with a look of simple pleasure in his face that made it seem absolutely strange to me.

(Continued on page 25)

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### The Ghollah

(Continued from page 24)

"Glad to see you, Sir," he said.  
Sir!

\* \* \* \* \*

"It's a most remarkable case altogether," said Billings, who had got back to his normal self, and had brought out the champagne. "When that boy came here he was just as you described him—just like his poor father in the days when we first knew each other. He brooded a little too much, and seemed discontented; but, considering his disappointment at college, that was natural enough. Well, do you know, I believe it's he that's doing the whole thing, and that he is effecting the substitution for his own ends, though I don't know what they are."

"Perhaps," I suggested, "he wants his Ghollah to get the job away from Mitch's Ghollah."

"Ahem!" said Billings, looking a little embarrassed; "I—in fact, I've discovered that the best Pundits do not use that word. It ought to be —"

Here Billings gave me the correct word; but I draw the line at Ghollah, and Ghollah it stays while I am telling this story.

"He hadn't been here a week before I noticed that he kept his eyes fixed on Mitch all the time they were together. He looked at him as though he were actually trying to absorb him. Before long, I saw that Mitch began to be troubled under that steady gaze. He seemed at first angry, then distressed, and he had long fits of silence. His boisterousness has been vanishing steadily; but it is not sullenness that he displays—on the contrary, I have never known him so gentle. He is just as efficient in his duties, without being so extremely demonstrative as he used to be. And as for that other boy, who probably had never uttered a profane word in his life, or spoken rudely to any human being—well, you heard him to-day!"

I made up my mind to try to drink fifty dollars' worth of Billings's champagne before the end of the week to even up on my bet; and, as the days went on, each new development only served to urge me to greater assiduity in the task. The spirit of Big Mitch looked out of little Arthur Penrhyn's insolent eyes, spoke out of his foul mouth, and showed itself even in tricks of gesture and carriage, and in lines of facial expression. And Big Mitch, though his huge, uncouth frame and coarse lineaments lent themselves but ill to the showing of it, carried within him a new spirit of gentleness and humility. We saw little of him, for after work hours he kept persistently to his room. But once, late at night, seeing him, through his open door, asleep over a book, I stepped softly in and looked over his big shoulders at the half-dozen volumes that littered his table. They were college text-books, and on the fly-leaf of each one was the name of Arthur Penrhyn.

\* \* \* \* \*

I had packed my valise, and was looking for Billings to pay him his fifty dollars, when Big Mitch came out of his room—

it was the noon hour—and he asked me for the favor of a few words.

"I am ashamed to trouble you, sir," he said, "but if you could help me to get any sort of a job in New York, or anywhere else, I'd be more thankful than I could tell you. I can afford to take almost any sort of a place where there's a future, for I am pretty well ahead of the game financially, and I've earned my interest in this concern. And it's in such shape now that Mr. Billings can get along without me."

"But, my dear boy," I said, "why do you want to go?"

Big Mitch frowned and fidgeted nervously; then he exploded.

"I'll give it to you straight," he said. "It's that Penrhyn pup. When he first came here I thought I was just about the nicest little man on God's footstool. I was as contented with myself as a basket of eggs. I knew it all. I was so sharp you could cut glass with me. I was the only real sport in the outfit. See? And I'd got a roving commission to jump on people's necks. Well, you know what I was. And I liked myself. See?"

"But?" I began. "Arthur Penrhyn —"

"So did he! I don't believe any one in the world was ever stuck on me before, but he was. That little ape hadn't been here a week before he began to do everything he saw me do, and pretty soon he had me down so fine that he might have been my twin-brother, if we ever had such runts in our family. Well, I began to sour on the show. Understand? I could see for myself it wasn't pretty. Well, one day I came around a corner, and there was that baboon sassing back to old man Billings. I was just going to pick him up and break his neck, when I felt kind of sick at my stomach, and I says to myself, 'You swine! that's the way you've been treating that white man! How do you like yourself now?'"

Big Mitch clutched desperately at his rumpled hair

"I'm going to be a gentleman," he grunted, "if I have to chew gravel to do it. I'll do it, though, and I'll show up some day and surprise the old man before he cashes in his last lung. But if I don't get a fresh start pretty soon, I'll do something to that Penrhyn monkey that won't be any young lady's dancing-class, you bet your boots!"

I told Billings. First he paid me fifty dollars. Then he made a bonfire of all his theosophic outfit. Then he went down to the quarry and announced that he was his own boss from that time on; and by way of a sample demonstration he called up Arthur Penrhyn and knocked the everlasting Ghollah out of him. Then he came back to the house and looked at the thermometer.

To this day, I never see champagne without thinking of drinking some.

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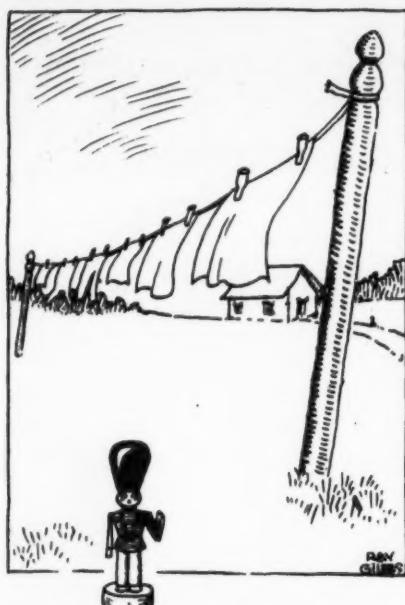
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**Tommy Spy:** "Only a country of cowards would fly so many white flags!"

#### Headlines that Should be Kept in Type

Villa Pursuers Closing In.  
U. S. To Protest Again To Allies.  
New 28-Story Hotel Planned for New York.  
Wilson Awaits Facts.  
Cost of Living Up Again.  
Jean Crones Reported Found.  
British Report Food Shortage in Germany.  
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Suffrage Leaders Confident.  
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If old Bill Tweed were only alive, Root would have the services of a practical campaign manager.



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#### HOW TO GET IN.

On the other hand, there are thousands of persons who are vainly trying to get in, and who never can, and they dont know why they cant. We purpose to show.

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We dont ask you to take our word for it, nor the word of any one person; we present for your guidance the expert opinions of the GREATEST AUTHORITIES IN THE WORLD, the leading players themselves, and the most prominent directors and manufacturers, in a series of articles beginning in the next issues of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC.

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- Is "influence" necessary?
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- What is the average salary for beginners?
- Do directors ever coach beginners?
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AND

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### New Catchwords

Without being the seventh son of a seventh son, one may yet confidently predict a great crop from the June planting of catchwords. "Man is a creature," observed Robert Louis Stevenson, "who lives not upon bread alone, but principally by catchwords." Particularly is this true in America, the land of headline-skimmers; and no one knows it better than the crafty politician. On the eve of a national convention T. R. may always be counted upon to produce his best in this line, and he has, true to form, come forward this time with the allegation that Mr. Wilson uses "weasel words." The unfairness of the indictment should be obvious, but the adroitness of the phrase-maker is none the less something to compel admiration. T. R. sows rhetorical tares when he had better be sowing grain, but we "have to hand it to him"—he plants the kind of tares that take root in the headline-skimmer's fancy. The British Admiralty, in explaining England's losses in the recent North Sea naval combat, planted another fruitful phrase in the form of "low visibility." Columnists and sport writers will not be slow to seize upon this new "alibi." Often and often in the future shall we read: "The Yankees dropped another game to the Senators yesterday afternoon. In the outfield and at bat the town boys suffered from low visibility, etc." Montague Glass, via Barnet Zapp, the waist manufacturer, has sprung another catchword; and this, we are happy to add, a more serviceable counter, in the newly coined "preparedness." As a synonym for preparedness it is a catchword par excellence, for it combines with the idea of readiness a hint that *carefulness* and not panicky fear is the right basis of preparedness.



A Kindergartner visited us the other day, and expressed herself with the enthusiasm of her craft about the method of instilling morals by means of stories.

"You can't imagine," she said, "how beautifully it works. The story of noble deeds kindles emulation in the minds of these young people. The boy that hears of the exploits of Theseus is full of heroic fancies. The spirit of adventure is kindled by the story of Jason. If you wish to teach him sympathy—"

"Yes," I hastily interposed. "Tell me a good story to teach him sympathy." My youngest is beginning to be a problem in that respect.

"There is the story of Prometheus," the Kindergartner answered brightly, "how the Titan Prometheus was consumed with pity for suffering mankind, how he defied the gods and stole the fire from heaven for man, how Zeus punished him by having him bound to a rock and by sending a vulture that tore out his liver every day and devoured it, and how he endured all this without any purpose of his own to serve, but wholly for the sake of mankind."

"Beautiful," I exclaimed, "I shall try it at once with Billy."

I did. Billy listened attentively. I painted in my best fashion the agonies of the suffering Prometheus at the daily approach of the hideous bird.

Billy was obviously moved.

"Poor vulture!" he said. "Liver every day!"

"This second-hand motor car broke down the third day after I bought it from you."

"Splendid! That's the best it's ever done."



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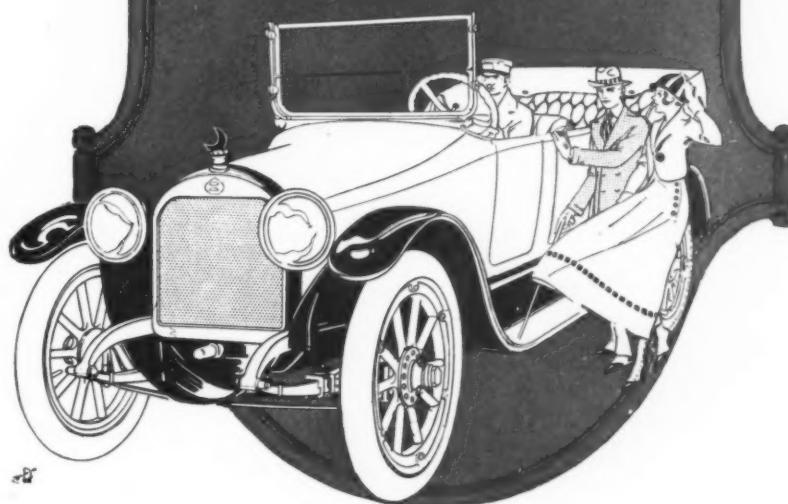
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